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WHO ?

A Series of Metrical Queries, with Responses.

-:-BY-:-

MAMIE LUKE.

Jan 31 1916
CITY OF WASHINGTON

WHO writeth on the questions of the day,
On either side of each will have his say,
And thinketh that he beareth mighty sway?
Ye Editor!

Who maketh mountains of the small molehills,
And rushing rivers of the gentle rills—
Gives drops of truth, of fiction many gills?
Ye Reporter!

Who talketh buncombe in spread-eagle style,
The people calleth "dear," with honied smile,
And maketh millions by his ways of guile?
Ye Congressman!

Who shouteth loud about the "people's rights,"
Currupt officials most severely smites,
In office placed, reform ne'er expedites?
Ye Politician!

Who worketh in a field all too obscure,
Attendeth on our every ill to cure,
But who to kill us off is far more sure?
Ye Doctor!

Who playeth "chuck-a-luck" and "high-low-jack,"
With "puts and calls" and things, the cards in pack,
And worketh up the awful Fridays black?
Ye Broker!

Who speculateth high with funds in trust,
To gain great wealth, naught caring to be just,
And in the end, not far, is bound to "bust"?
Ye Bank President.

Who deprecateth much the legal fight,
But dons his armor to defend the right, (?)
And pocketeth high fees with no delight?
Ye Lawyer!

Who marketh us, as 'twere, with mental stripes,
And breaketh us all up with pains and gripes,
With bill for three hours' work on water pipes?
Ye Plumber!

Who raiseth mantraps high, with slender walls,
Of which one, every now and then, down falls,
Which "casualty" startles and appalls?
Ye Builder!

Who ne'er o'ersteppeth honesty's fair bounds—
Let him but tell it as he goes the rounds—
Yet for a ton sells eighteen hundred pounds?
Ye Coalman!

Who mixeth water with — so goes the tale—
Such drugs and things as would o'ercome a whale,
And calleth the concoction "Amber Ale"?
Ye Brewer!

Who selleth us for coffee roasted peas,
Dried herbs and divers weeds for Oolong teas,
And ole'margarine for butter, please?
Ye Grocer!

Who slappeth hard the meat upon the
To weigh his fingers with it never scales,
Thus swelling the amount of dai fails,
sales?
Ye Butcher!

Who selleth chalk and water all t
A little corn-starch in for bogus c e while—
For "Orange County milk," with tyle—
hardened guile?
Ye Milkman!

Who saith 'tis "French," the ski
So chargeth for his shoes too mu from Yankee calf,
And at his gains within his sleeve h by half,
doth laugh?

Who selleth, at the cost per pound, a grain,
And, thriving on disease and mortals' pain,
Per cent a thousand maketh as his gain?
Ye Druggist!

Who clubbeth right and left his way along,
Killeth the helpless, maimeth sore the strong,
But who, in Judges' eyes, can do no wrong?
Ye Policeman!

Who maketh hideous the day entire,
With horrid yells and intonation dire,
And kindleth in our breasts relentless ire?
Ye Licensed Vender!

Who, for all others, have a kindly care,
A warm regard, as tender, quite, as rare,
And doeth all things on the "level square"?
You and I, Reader!

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